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IV. Cruise of the Monitor Lehigh, by Charles Cowley. Read November 12, 1879.

THE success of the Monitor in her battle with the Confederate Ram Merrimack (or Virginia) induced the Federal Navy Department to contract at once for the building of nine iron-clads of the Monitor pattern, resembling, according to the homely description of one who witnessed the combat in Hampton Roads, "a cheese-box on a raft." One of these was the Lehigh, built at Chester, Pennsylvania, and costing four hundred thousand dollars. The burden of the Lehigh was about eighteen hundred tons, and a description of her will answer, substantially, for each of the other iron-clads of this class.

She was about two hundred and fourteen feet in length over all, forty-five feet in beam and fourteen feet deep. She drew, when in fighting trim, eleven feet of water. The turret, which contained one fifteen-inch and one eleven-inch Dahlgren gun, was twenty feet in diameter. She carried twelve steam engines, two to propel the ship, two for the turret, and eight for various other purposes.

The cruise of the Lehigh began April 15, 1863, and ended with the close of the war.

Her commanders were John C. Howell, now a rear admiral in command of the European squadron; Andrew Bryson, now also a rear admiral in command of the

Brooklyn Navy Yard; Francis M. Bunce; William Gibson, the poet; Andrew J. Johnson and A. A. Semmes.

Her first duty was in the Chickahominy River, where, with the Monitor Sangamon, she co-operated with the Army of the Potomac under General McClellan. For some time she carried the flag of Rear Admiral Lee. At the close of McClellan's campaign, in July, 1863, she was sent to New York, where a branch rebellion was then imminent.

She left New York again on August 25th for the South Atlantic squadron. The passage of Cape Hatteras, which proved fatal to the original Monitor, came near proving fatal to the Lehigh. It was only by the greatest care and vigilance that she was prevented from laying her bones with the bones of hundreds of ill-fated barks over which the light of Cape Hatteras revolves forever. She passed Cape Hatteras Light on the night of the 27th and 28th of August, but no one on board saw that light. The sea broke over her decks without intermission during successive watches. It lifted and carried away her bell. There was one period of about an hour and a half, during which the deck could not be seen at all—the sea rolling over it, often as high as the turret. Captain Bryson expected every moment to go down.

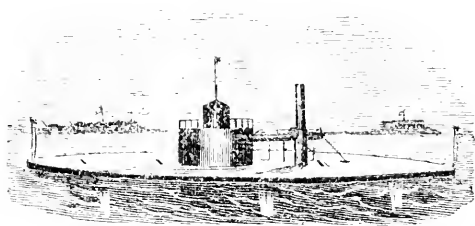
She arrived off Charleston on the 30th of August, spent one day in "coaling ship," and on the two following days engaged, with other Monitors, in bombarding Fort Sumter, passing at once from the perils of the sea to the perils of battle.

Fort Wagner, which the Federal army had twice vainly attempted to capture by storm, was now almost within our grasp, having undergone one of the heaviest and most protracted bombardments recorded in history.

The capture of this famous fortification was finally



consummated by the aid of the "Grant" electric light, the use of which was suggested by John Austin Stevens, the editor of the Magazine of American History.* Be-



THE LEHIGH BOMBARDING BATTERY WAGNER.

ing brought to bear upon this battery, this light made it impossible for the Confederates to repair during the night (as they had previously done), the damages sustained during the day, and also enabled our army and navy to operate effectively, continuously, by night as well as by day.

On the 5th and 6th of September, the Lehigh and the Monitor Weehawken took a position, and maintained it, between two fires, having the Cummings Point Batteries, Wagner and Gregg, on the south, and Fort Sumter on the north, and being also exposed at the same time to the fire of more distant batteries on James Island and on Sullivan Island. By firmly holding this position, these vessels made it impossible for General Beauregard to send any further re-enforcements to Morris Island. The next night General Taliaferro evacuated that island, and General Terry, who was to have led a third assault on Wagner the next morning, entered that famous battery without a shot.

*See Mr. Stevens' kindly review of my "Leaves from a Lawyer's Life Afloat and Ashore," in his Magazine for June, 1880.

That night her consort, the Weehawken, accidentally got aground near Fort Sumter, and the Confederate artillerists, sighting their guns with the greatest precision of aim, poured upon her a most destructive fire. The Lehigh, meanwhile, with other vessels from below, used every effort to divert the fire of the Confederates from her disabled consort, and finally pulled her off into deeper water. The Weehawken, even while aground, returned the fire of the Confederate batteries with great vigor and effect. One shell which she then threw into Fort Moultrie, created more wide-spread havoc than any other single shot, so far as is known, that was fired during the siege of Charleston. It dismantled and broke the muzzle of an eight-inch Columbiad, then glanced off and exploded behind a mulin. This exploded two caissons, one containing cartridges for the cannon, the other shell. The bursting of these shells exploded several other ammunition chests, and the havoc was general. Eighteen men were killed, and ten wounded. Captain R. Press Smith, who commanded the company serving these guns, was compelled to leap over the parapet into the ditch, in order to save his own life.*

But great as were the losses then inflicted upon the Confederates by the Weehawken, they wholly failed to compensate for the injuries which she herself sustained in consequence of getting aground on that disastrous night: for I have no doubt that it was the overstrain which she suffered while thus lying aground, and keeping her battery going at the same time, which, two

*By the kindness of my friend, Mr. Yates Snowden, of Charleston, S. C., since this paper was read, I have been furnished with letters from Captain Smith (now practising medicine at Santa Rosa, California), Major T. A. Huguenin, who then commanded Battery Beauregard, and Lieutenant J. C. Minott, who then commanded Battery Marion, which enable me to add here several particulars previously unknown to me, and, also, to correct an error into which I had fallen as to the date.

months later, carried her suddenly to the bottom, with more than thirty of her crew.

On September 8, 1863, a picked body of three hundred sailors and marines, assaulted Fort Sumter. During the whole night the Lehigh lay near the Fort, covering with her guns the storming party. The garrison, however, had been strongly re-enforced in anticipation of this attack; the army column, which was to have coöperated with the navy column, failed to come up to our support, and the assault proved disastrous.*

I am aware that Mr. Greeley and Mr. Lossing, writing under the inspiration of General Gillmore, have said that this assault was made without the knowledge of that officer and without any expectation of coöperation from his army; but this is untrue. I myself saw and read the original despatches and telegrams from the General to the Admiral, arranging for a joint assault, and General Gillmore himself suggested the countersign, "Detroit," which was used by both branches of the service on that night. Not the slightest hint of any change of purpose on Gillmore's part was received by the Admiral: but the army column remained in boats in the rear, while the navy column climbed the walls of Sumter unaided, but climbed them only to be captured or killed.

The assault of the army column could not have succeeded, had it been made as planned. For its success depended on taking the enemy by surprise. But the Confederates became apprised of what was coming, by

*Colonel Charles H. Olmstead, of the First Georgia Infantry, who was stationed on James Island at the time, says: "The land forces, about four hundred strong, embarked in their boats in Vincent's Creek. The windings of the creek between Morris and James Island probably delayed them, and they had not quite reached the fort when the naval assault was made and repulsed. All hope of a surprise being at an end, the second force retired."

interpreting the signals which passed between the Admiral and the General in relation to the proposed assault during the preceding day. They were thus enabled to obtain re-enforcements, and to prepare thoroughly for the attack.

So, by the help of their knowledge of the mysteries of our signal code, they interpreted the signals which the Admiral and the General exchanged, prior to the terrible assault on Wagner, in the preceding July. Had the Federal commanders suspected that the Confederates knew the key to this code, the entire code would have been reconstructed at once. But no suspicion of this arose until after this assault.

The Confederates learned the key to all our signals early in the war. A Federal officer was captured near Georgetown, S. C., who had this code with him; but he firmly refused to reveal its precious treasures. The book was handed back to him with the remark, "Well, you may keep it; we can't read it; so it is of no use to us." By this conduct the fears of their prisoner, if he had any, were allayed. An adroit Confederate, dressed in the Federal uniform, was then shut up in the same apartment as a fellow prisoner-of-war. While thus confined, he won the confidence of his "chum," who finally taught him how to interpret the code.

During the night of September 8th, the Lehigh engaged Battery Bee at close range, and silenced her guns, but received more than thirty shots herself, and lost her flagstaff, jack-staff and cutter.

On November 16th, the Lehigh got aground between Cummings Point and Fort Sumter. Instantly a furious fire was opened upon her by the Confederates from the Sullivan Island batteries. Several of her officers and crew were wounded—three badly. Admiral Dahlgren

promptly ordered all the other monitors and the New Ironsides* to her assistance, and they did good service by diverting a part of the fire from the Lehigh to themselves. Captain Simpson, now a commodore in command of the naval station at New London, went into the fight with the smoke-stack of his ship (the monitor Passaic) shot through, and with her turret and pilot-house revolving together. The Patapsco's smoke-stack was also shot through. She was then under command of Captain Thomas H. Stephens, recently made a rear admiral. Dr. Longshaw, the surgeon of the Lehigh, with three men, volunteered to carry a hawser to the Nahant, a most daring feat, for which he and the men obtained promotion; but it proved useless, for the hawser was cut by Confederate shot and shell before it could be used. Dr. Longshaw belonged to Cambridge, Mass. He was afterwards killed at Fort Fisher.

Admiral Dahlgren's private journal, which has not yet been published, contains the following entry for November 16, 1863:

"Monday, November 16th. Superb weather. Wind northwest—clear and cool—bar. 30.00. Last night, about 9 or 10, the Confederates very unexpectedly opened a rapid fire from their batteries on Sullivan Island upon our works on Cummings Point. The General telegraphed me to prevent their landing in boats, so I sent orders accordingly to the monitors on picket.

"This morning, at daylight, the Lehigh was reported aground and the Confederates pummelling her. So I signalled the iron-clads to go up and relieve the Lehigh.

*See Captain Belknap's article on the New Ironsides off Charleston, in the first number of the *United Service*.

I went up myself in the Passaic, and finding the Nahant close in, passed to her in my barge. The tide was rising, and the Nahant could approach so as to get a hawser aboard the Lehigh.

“The scene was of great interest. Three times the hawser parted—once shot away. The line carrying it was twice sent to the Lehigh by the surgeon, in a little boat, and once by two seamen. Every effort seemed vain for the whole morning, under a perfect storm of shot and shell from cannon and mortars, under which the men worked well.

“At last I ordered the Nahant's propeller to be started, the Lehigh backed, and the Montauk ahead of us. It was the moment of high water, and, most fortunately, the Lehigh yielded and backed off. Even then the hawser began to give way. Seven men were wounded by pieces of mortar shell. At one time, I ordered the Passaic and Montauk to reply to the batteries, which they did with effect, striking every time and dismounting a gun. The scene was quite a change. I noticed that the shore batteries, for whom we had got into trouble, gave us no help.”

While the Lehigh lay aground on this occasion, exposed to instant destruction by the Confederates, Admiral Dahlgren gave a signal proof of his extraordinary personal bravery. Not content with signalling to Captain Bryson to hold on to the ship to the direst extremity, and sending all the others to share her peril and save her from her impending fate, the Admiral boldly exposed his own life by pushing off in his barge from the flagship, pulling through a heavy sea, and personally boarding the monitors, while still under a heavy fire. Reckless of personal danger, the Admiral resolved to save the

ship, at all hazards, if she could be saved, and if she could not be got off, then to put a match to her magazine,

" And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale."

At length, the tide rising, the Lehigh got safely off. Although the Admiral was endowed with extraordinary physical intrepidity, and delighted to recognize and reward any exhibition of it among his officers and men, he never referred to it as a quality of which he was specially proud.

There are two kinds of courage. There is natural courage which men share with the lower animals: that can be hired for twelve dollars a month, with rations and clothing. It is an indispensable trait, but it is not the greatest. It is inferior to professional courage, which is the result of culture and calculation. For example: To push off from a ship during an engagement, and pull over to another in an open boat, and go on board that other when she too is engaged, (as Admiral Dahlgren used to do), seems a most daring adventure; and such indeed it is. But the professional sailor knows that while he is pulling about in a boat away from the vessels engaged, the danger is rather less than it is on board of those vessels, because the boat presents a smaller target to the enemy's artillery. Both natural and professional courage are necessary, and Admiral Dahlgren had both.

Once, when the Admiral, the Fleet Captain, and I, were going from one ship to another during one of the many artillery duels at Charleston, shell after shell from Moultrie exploded so near to the barge that conveyed us, that, though no fragment struck us, we were repeatedly splashed, and once almost deluged with water. I

remarked: "Admiral. Moultrie has trained her guns on your flag," (alluding to the broad, blue pennant which was then the ensign of his rank, and which was flying from the barge's bow). "That can hardly be," the Admiral replied. "In an operation like this, the great point is to get a broad target. The Monitors are small targets compared with the old-fashioned frigates; but they are so much larger than my barge, the rebels are not likely to train their guns on my flag, though they sometimes do, and perhaps they are doing it now." All this was said as coolly as if he had been sitting at his own cabin table, instead of under the fire of half a dozen belching batteries.

The Lehigh was once visited by a French Admiral who dropped anchor off Charleston with a French corvette, while Commodore (now Vice-Admiral) Roan was in command *ad interim*. It was desirable to treat the Frenchman politely; but as our relations with Napoleon the Third were precarious, it was not deemed advisable to show him the interior structure of the Monitors. Just as the Frenchman was coming on board the Lehigh, the Commodore, with that grim humor which is one of his best-known characteristics, suggested to Captain Bryson, "You can appear to show him a great deal and yet not show him much of any thing. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse." Captain Bryson governed himself accordingly. His demonstrativeness was astonishing, but the Frenchman left but little wiser than when he came.

The Lehigh did her full share of picket duty, the most irksome duty incident to the war—save only the gathering up of the wreck of battle and the burial of the dead. On December 6, 1863, she had the misfortune to see her consort, the Weehawken, go down off Morris

Island, as before mentioned. On February 17, 1864, another of her consorts, the Housatonic, was blown up and suddenly sent to the bottom by a Confederate torpedo, carrying down with her several of her crew. A few months later (January 15, 1865) still another of her consorts, the Monitor Patapsco was blown up and instantly sunk near Fort Sumter by another torpedo, carrying down, as food for the fishes, eight of her officers and fifty-four of her men.

The Lehigh was sent, once in 1864, and again in 1865, into the Stono River, where she engaged the Confederate batteries which guarded the approach to Charleston on that line. One of these bombardments lasted eight days successively. A Confederate "David" was sent down the Stono expressly to blow her up, and the Pawnee with her, if possible; but she escaped. Many other dangers were encountered and many other services performed by the Lehigh, in addition to the usual picket duty at Charleston, which it would be tedious to record at length here. The facts already related will suffice to indicate something of the life of all the iron-clad blockaders off Charleston.

The interior life of these blockaders corresponded with that on board of other naval vessels, except that our quarters were closer, the air fouler, and the service far more exhausting generally. Though the officers of the vessel came from every quarter of the globe, the service soon became painfully monotonous. Among my companions on board the Lehigh were Captain Bryson, who chased the Confederate steamer Sumter under the walls of Gibraltar; Lieutenant Forrest, who was executive officer of the Keokuk in the attack which Admiral Dupont made upon Fort Sumter, and who narrowly escaped going down with her when she sunk, on the

morning after the battle; Lieutenant Read, who distinguished himself at the capture of New Orleans, and who was attached to the Weehawken when she laid her bones upon the same level as the Keokuk; Dr. Hamilton, who had just chased Captain Semmes 'round the world in the flying squadron of Admiral Wilkes; and several others, whose experiences had been very various and deeply interesting. Forrest died of yellow fever in the West Indies; Read was drowned, with Admiral Bell, of the Asiatic squadron, by the swamping of a boat in China. Others of my old shipmates have passed through various vicissitudes.

It has been said that the life of any man, if truly written, would make an interesting book. There must be many exceptions to this rule; but I am sure there were at least half-a-dozen of my brother officers of the *Lehigh* whose lives would be far more interesting than this paper, in which I have essayed to sketch only the brief outlines of the history of the ship in which we served together.

About once a week we were visited by a supply steamer, which brought mails from the North. Frequently copies of the *Charleston Courier* were received by our advanced pickets from the advanced pickets of the Confederates, in exchange for the newspapers of New York. The *Courier* always brought recollections of Lowell "in the days of auld lang syne"; for it contained all the letters of the best Confederate army correspondent, F. G. Fontaine, "Personne," who first practised his gift in literary composition in the Lowell High School. It also contained Richard Yeadon's famous advertisement, which no Lowell man could read without laughter, as follows:—

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD!

(\$10,000.)

President DAVIS having proclaimed BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, of Massachusetts, to be a FELON, deserving of capital punishment, for the deliberate murder of WILLIAM B. MUMFORD, a citizen of the Confederate States, at New Orleans, and having ordered that the said BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, for that and other outrages and atrocities, be considered and treated as an OUTLAW and COMMON ENEMY OF MANKIND, and that, in the event of his capture *the officer in command of the capturing force do cause him to be* IMMEDIATELY EXECUTED BY HANGING, the undersigned hereby offers a REWARD OF TEN THOUSAND (\$10,000) DOLLARS for the capture of the said BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, and his delivery, DEAD OR ALIVE, to any proper CONFEDERATE AUTHORITY.

RICHARD YEADON.

CHARLESTON, S. C., January 1, 1863.

The Lehigh is now at Brandon, Va., with other iron clads, ready to do her part in any future struggles, foreign or domestic.

“ There are sailors to-day who would die at their guns,
As the tars of the Cumberland died,
Or with Somers sail through the jaws of death,
On Tripoli's fatal tide.”

At present their duties are irksome and monotonous enough. But long may it be before this wearisome monotony is again relieved by the bloody work of war. God grant that the thunder of our iron-clads may never be heard again, save in firing salutes to the starry flag, the honor of which they have so well sustained.

V. Sketch of the Life of Edward St. Loe Livermore, by C. L. A. Read November 12, 1879.

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EDWARD ST. LOE LIVERMORE, the subject of this sketch, was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, April 5, 1762. He was the son of Samuel Livermore, a former chief justice of New Hampshire, and his wife, Jane, the daughter of the Rev. Arthur Browne, and was of the sixth generation in lineal descent from John Livermore, who emigrated to America in the bark "Frances," which sailed from Ipswich, England, during the year 1634.

John Livermore settled first in Watertown, Massachusetts, where he lived until 1665, when he removed to Wethersfield, Connecticut. From Wethersfield he went to New Haven, where his name appears in the town records as one of the signers of the fundamental agreement of the Colony of New Haven. In 1670 he returned to Watertown, where, after having filled many offices of trust, he died in 1685. His wife, Grace, died and was buried, in 1686, at Chelmsford, where visitors to the old rural graveyard may still see an ancient, moss-covered stone, erected to her memory by her dutiful children."

Samuel Livermore, the great-grandson of John

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NOTE.—The writer of this sketch is indebted for many dates and facts to Bond's "History of Watertown," "The Collections of the Historical Society of New Hampshire," Sprague's "American Ministers," Hildreth's "History of the United States," and other publications; but it has not been considered necessary, in so short a paper, to indicate in each case the source from which the information was derived.

Livermore, inherited from his uncle, Nathaniel, the homestead in Watertown, now known as the "Lyman Farm" in Waltham. His wife was a daughter of Deacon Brown, of Boston. He was "much trusted in municipal and church affairs," and died at the age of seventy-one years, in 1773, leaving four sons, all of whom became distinguished men.

Samuel Livermore was born in 1732. At the age of twenty he was graduated at Nassau Hall in New Jersey, and afterwards read law with Judge Trowbridge, at Beverly, Massachusetts. Soon after being admitted to the bar he settled in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where in 1759, he married Jane, the daughter of the Rev. Arthur Browne.

Arthur Browne was the first Episcopal minister settled in New Hampshire. He was born in 1699, in Drogheda, Ireland, and was a son of the Rev. John Browne, archdeacon of Elphin, a descendant of the Scottish family of Brownes of Coulstone. He was educated for the ministry at Trinity College, Dublin, and was ordained by the Bishop of London. In 1729, under the auspices of the "British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," he was sent as missionary to Providence, Rhode Island. On his way thither he landed at Newport, where he remained about a year in charge of Trinity Church. He then went to Providence, where he was settled for several years as rector of King's—now St. John's—Church. In 1737 he was called to St. John's Church of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, of which he remained rector until a short time before his death, which occurred at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1773, while he was on a visit to his daughter, the wife of the Rev. Winwood Sargent. He was a man of great learning, and of a genial and benevolent dispo-

sition. Upon one occasion, as he was dining at the house of Governor Wentworth, where he was a frequent and welcome guest, he was ordered by the governor to perform the ceremony by which the maid-servant, Patty, became the governor's wife, Lady Wentworth—an incident which has since been celebrated in verse by Longfellow. The silver tankard which the governor took from the table at the conclusion of the ceremony, and gave to Arthur Browne, is still in the possession of his descendants.

Samuel Livermore soon became a successful lawyer, and was appointed attorney-general for the province, and king's advocate in the courts of admiralty. In 1765 he removed to Londonderry, New Hampshire, and in this town was born his son Arthur, who became a justice of the Supreme Court, chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas of New Hampshire, and member of Congress. About the year 1765 Samuel Livermore began the settlement of Holderness, in Grafton County. Of this place he was one of the original grantees, and he eventually became by purchase the owner of about one half of the township. There, on the banks of the Pemigewasset River, in 1769, he fixed his permanent residence, and lived in almost feudal state until his death. It is said that "he possessed but little less than absolute power over the inhabitants, his superiority of character adding to the influence he could naturally command from the extent of his possessions." The huge house which he built there is still known as the "Old Livermore Mansion," and is now used for the Episcopal Seminary for the diocese of New Hampshire. After the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, he was made State's attorney-general, and was several times a delegate to the Continental Congress. In 1782 he was appointed chief

justice of the State. He was a member of the convocation for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, under which he was a representative in the first Congress, and, later, a senator for nine years. He was for several years president *pro tempore* of the United States Senate. In 1803 he died, and was buried at Holderness, in the shadow of the church which he built, and which he had for many years supported. He and his wife were noted for their loving charities.

Edward St. Loe Livermore received his early education at Londonderry and Holderness, where his father's chaplain, the Rev. Robert Fowle, was his tutor. He studied law at Newburyport in the office of that distinguished jurist, Chief Justice Parsons. Upon being admitted to the bar he began the practice of law at Concord, New Hampshire, where he soon attained to a high position in his profession. Here, while still very young, he married his first wife, Mehitable, the daughter of Robert Harris, Esq. She died at the age of twenty-eight years, in 1793, leaving five children, all of whom are now dead. She was a highly educated, refined, and agreeable woman.

Judge Livermore's eldest son by his first marriage, Samuel, was educated at Harvard College. He was a friend of Captain Lawrence of the "Chesapeake," under whom he served as a volunteer chaplain in the celebrated sea-fight with the British frigate "Shannon," in which he was wounded and taken prisoner. He afterwards practised law in New Orleans, where he amassed a considerable fortune. He was the author of several treatises upon different branches of the law, which are still referred to as authorities. At his death he left to Harvard College his library of some thousand volumes, which was then the richest in America in works relating to the civil

law. His sister, Harriet, was widely known and respected as a traveller in the Holy Land.

Soon after the death of his first wife, Mr. Livermore removed to Portsmouth, where, in a short time, he became distinguished in professional and political life. He was appointed by President Washington, United States district attorney, an office which he held until 1798, when he was made justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. In 1799 he married Sarah Crease, the daughter of William Stackpole, a distinguished merchant of Boston. She has been well described as "a woman of sweet and amiable temper, with an entire absence from her character of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness." Her consistently Christian life and deportment warmly attached to her all who knew her or came within the sphere of her gentle, winning influence. Well might be said of her,

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

She survived her husband many years, and died at Lowell, October 5, 1859.

In politics, Judge Livermore was a zealous Federalist, and took an active part in public affairs; but although he lived at a period when party feeling was intensely bitter, his gentlemanly and courteous bearing, and the urbanity of his manners gave him much personal influence even with his political opponents. After a faithful discharge for a few years of his duties as judge, he resigned his position upon the bench and resumed the practice of his profession.

In 1802 he took up his residence in Newburyport, where he soon became a leading citizen and was chosen to represent the town in the General Court of the State.

“His course there was so wise and judicious that he was chosen to represent the North Essex District, then so called, in Congress.” On the 22nd of December, 1807, Congress, upon recommendation of President Jefferson, passed the famous Embargo Act, which was intended “to countervail Napoleon’s Berlin and Milan decrees, and the British orders in council.” Judge Livermore took an active part in the debates of the House upon the passage of this act, and, later, used all his endeavors to have it repealed. Upon this subject he made in particular one very forcible and eloquent speech, which won for him many laurels.

In 1811, after having served for three terms in Congress, he declined a re-election, and soon after removed from Newburyport to Boston, where he lived for some years a quiet life, taking no active part in public affairs. In 1813, at the request of the town authorities of Boston, he delivered the annual oration upon the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. This oration was delivered at the height of the war of 1812, and about a month after the sanguinary combat off Boston Light between the “Chesapeake” and “Shannon” frigates, in which his son Samuel was engaged. The details of this combat being as yet unknown in Boston, there was naturally among the townspeople a feeling of great anxiety to learn the fate of their friends and relatives on board the “Chesapeake,” and this feeling was probably not unmingled with bitterness toward those who had involved the country in what many believed a causeless war. It was, therefore, with the apparent sympathy of his hearers that Judge Livermore criticised most severely the action of the American government which led to the war—which he believed unnecessary, and which had brought so much misery and suffering

upon the whole country, but especially upon the New England States—while he paid a deserved tribute of praise to the gallantry and patriotism of the navy whose exploits reflected so much lustre upon the American arms.

Soon after the close of the war of 1812, Judge Livermore caught the so-called "Western fever," and took his large family to Zanesville, Ohio, which was, at that time, looked upon as the "far West," with the intention of settling there. The comforts of civilization had not yet spread through that part of the new world. It was before the days of railways, and the long and tedious journey from the East had to be performed in carriages suited to the rough roads of the country. Judge Livermore and his family could not bring themselves to submit to the many deprivations and hardships necessarily attending a residence in the West at that time, and they therefore soon returned to Boston.

About 1816 Judge Livermore, desirous of passing the rest of his days removed from the bustle of city and political life, bought, far out in the country, in the town of Tewksbury, a quiet home farm of about two hundred acres, called the "Gedney Estate." The mansion house upon this estate was beautifully situated at the confluence of the Merrimack and Concord Rivers. Standing at an elevation of from forty to fifty feet above the water, it commanded a distant and lovely view of both the streams. Back of the house, upon the opposite side of the Merrimack, rose Dracut Heights, looming up as if to shield the spot from the north-wind. The house itself was a large, old, rambling building, and the tradition is that all its beams and woodwork were prepared in England, and brought to this country for a Mr. Brown, who bought the estate about the middle of the last century.

However this might be, it was certainly a lovely old mansion, a fit residence for its new owners, who brought to it high culture and breeding. Some of the older residents of the goodly city which has since sprung up about it may still remember the house as it then stood, with the lawn in front bordered on one side by a long avenue of Lombardy poplars—and may also remember the hospitality which made it so well known in the country about.

For many years Judge Livermore had associated with men prominent in letters and in politics, in this and other countries, and had taken an active part in the political transactions of the times, so that, being endowed with a comprehensive memory, he had at his command a large fund of anecdotes, and his conversation was agreeable and instructive to all with whom he came in contact. When he bought the Gedney estate in Tewksbury, he called it "Belvidere"—a most appropriate name for so beautiful a place. Until 1826 the nearest place of public worship was about two miles from "Belvidere," at Pawtucket Falls, where the Rev. Mr. Sears, a Presbyterian minister, preached for many years, and here the Livermore family became constant attendants.

When the Merrimack Manufacturing Company was organized, a church was built for the benefit of Kirk Boott, his family, and other Episcopalians connected with the manufacturing establishment. At the first church meeting of the new parish, a pew was kindly placed at the disposal of Judge Livermore. He, with his family, continued to occupy this pew until his death, and it is still occupied by his eldest daughter, the only member of the family who now lives in Lowell. The first clergyman installed in this church was the Rev. Theodore Edson, the beloved pastor who still fulfils his duties with un-



wearied zeal, not unmindful of the exhortation of St. Paul to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

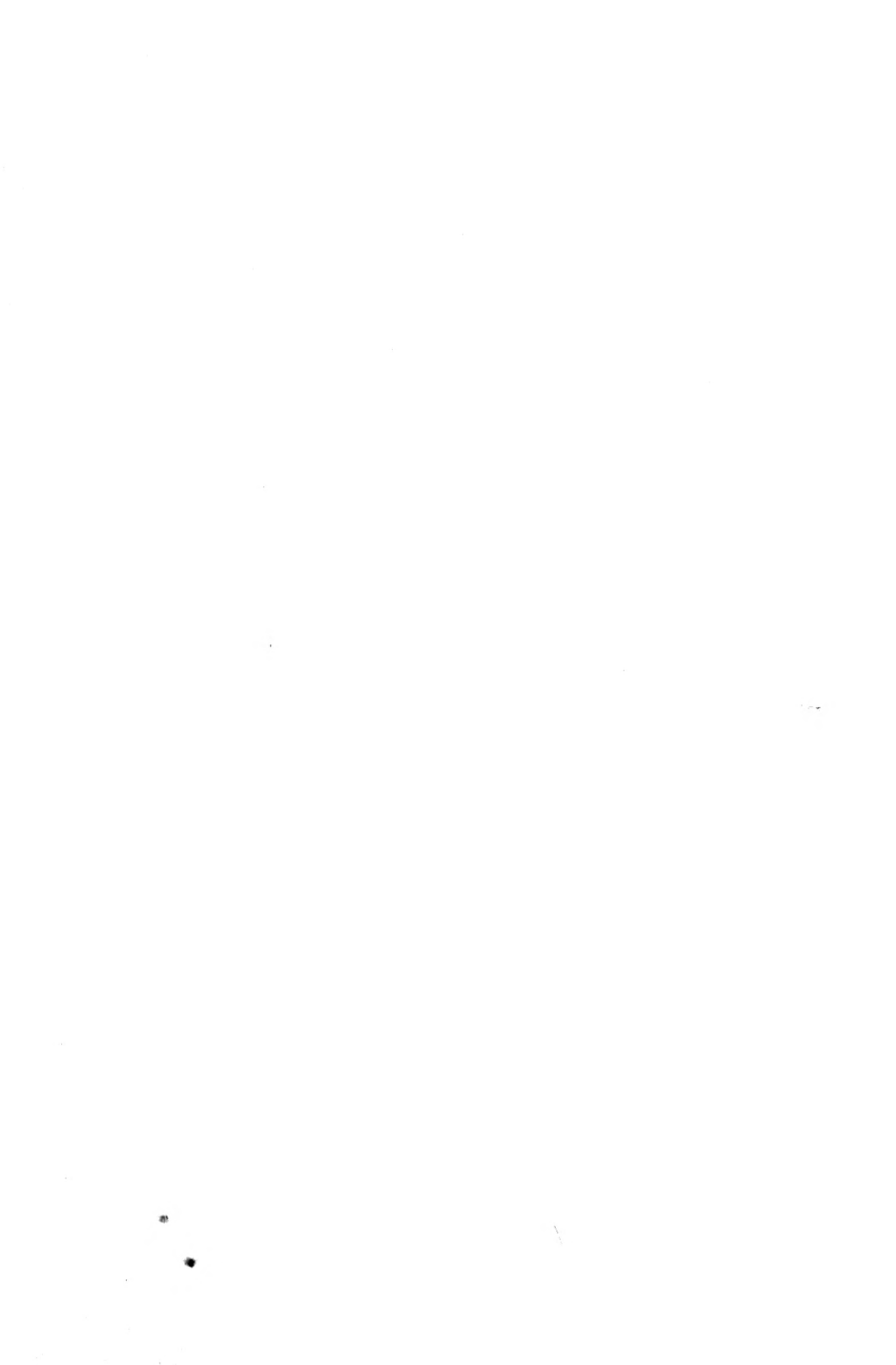
Judge Livermore lived to see a large and flourishing city grow up around the lonely spot he had selected for a quiet home, and to gather round his fireside neighbors who would have graced society in any city in the world. He died at "Belvidere" on the 15th of September, 1832, at the age of seventy years, and was buried in the old Granary Burying Ground in Boston. He left seven children by his second marriage, four of whom are still living, viz: Elizabeth Browne Livermore, who lives at Lowell and is unmarried; Caroline, the wife of Hon. J. G. Abbott, of Boston; Sarah Stackpole, wife of John Tatterson, Esq., of Southbridge, Mass.; and Mary Jane, wife of Hon. Daniel Saunders, of Lawrence.

Judge Livermore, although of a quick and hot temper, was a just, hospitable, upright man, with

"a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

The poor man never turned from his door empty-handed, or the afflicted without sympathy. He died in the sure hope of the resurrection of the dead and a life to come. "The memory of the just lives with the just."

Boston, September 11, 1879.



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